

DOCTOR • WHO

COLD WAR

PART ONE

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Art JOHN ROSS
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK
Letters PAUL VYSE

You know how to show
a girl a good time,
Doctor. Not exactly
a *hot* date!

Well, after
Surobus, I thought
we needed to *chill*
out a bit!

If the cold makes my
nose drop off...

Then you'll be the
punchline for a
very bad joke!

Mind your step. This
ice is a tad slippery
- almost as if it's-

-melting!

Martha!

aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!



Talk about saving
me from a *watery
grave*! I'm Martha
- nice hair!

My name's Paltoq
- what happened
to your skin? Is it
burned?

In this weather, I
doubt it. Yours doesn't
exactly look *healthy*,
you know...

First-class
delivery service,
eh, Doctor?

Your skin is even
stranger. What kinds
of *Isqarite* are you?

Excuse my
ignorance...
but what's an
Isqarite?

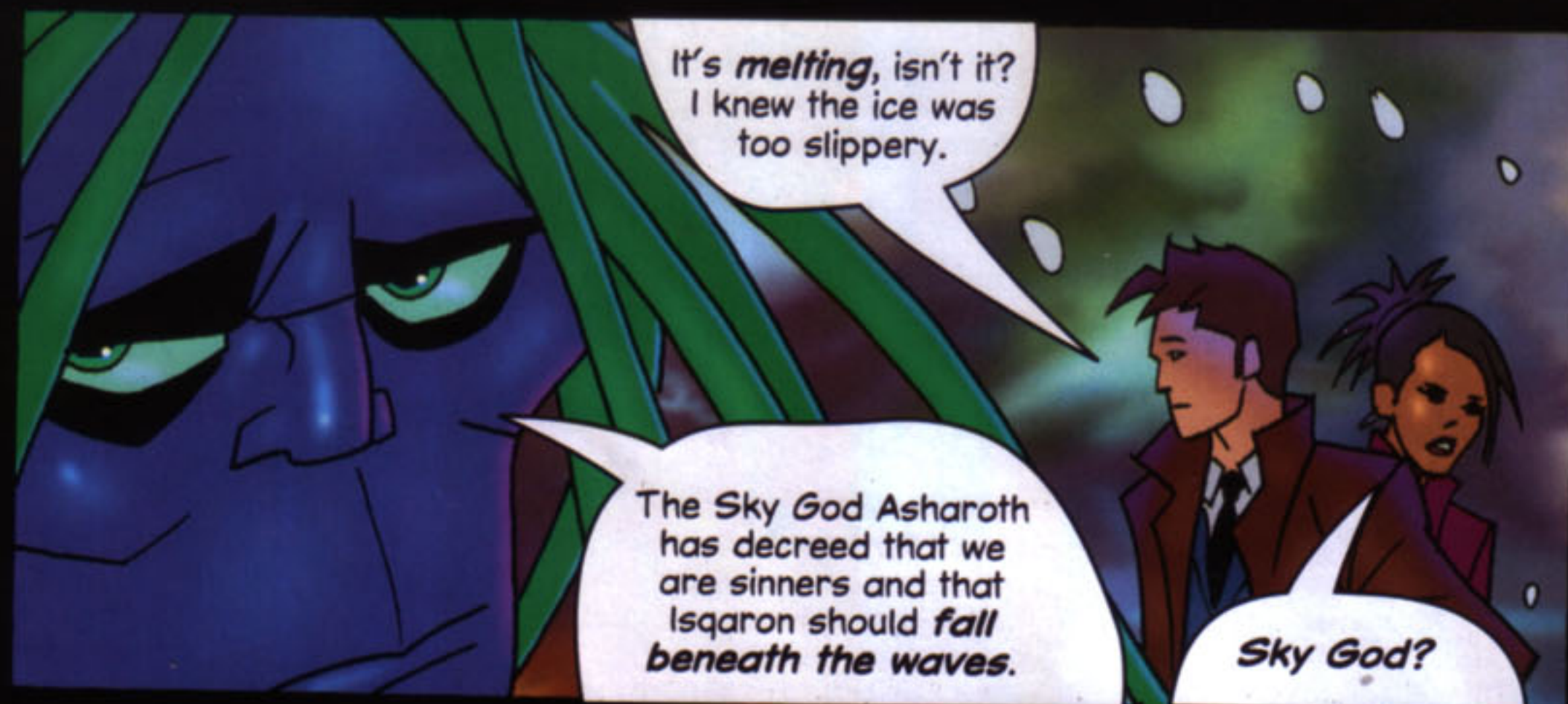
I imagine it's
someone who
comes from
there...



My home
- the citadel of
Isqaron!

Wow! It's
gorgeous!

It may be,
as you say,
'gorgeous'. But it
is also *dying...*



It's *melting*, isn't it?
I knew the ice was
too slippery.

The Sky God Asharoth
has decreed that we
are sinners and that
Isqaron should *fall*
beneath the waves.

Sky God?



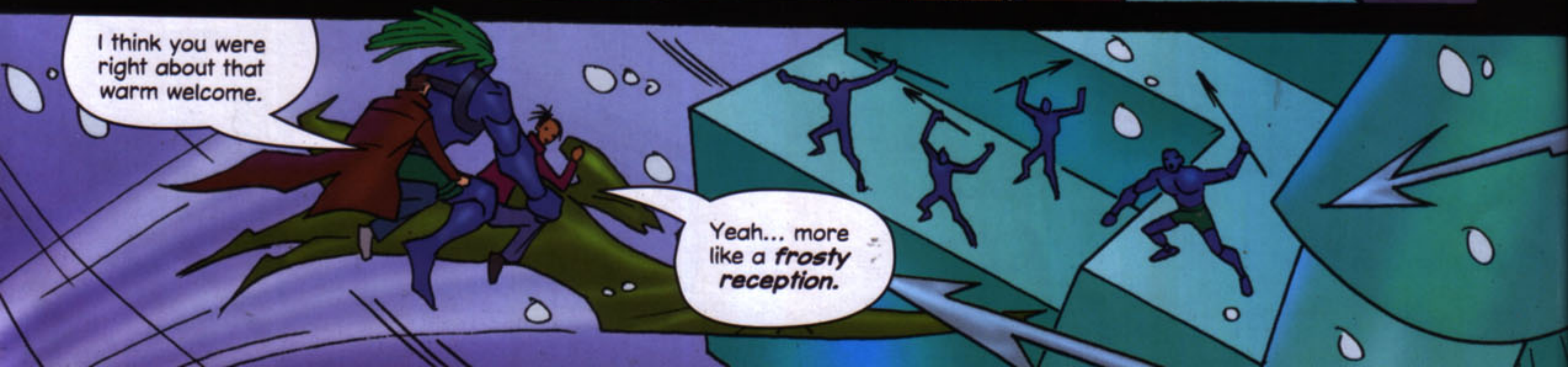
The *Mouth of Asharoth*. For many
tides his breath has
grown warmer. Our
Empress Thamli says
we have angered him.

If that's his mouth,
I'd hate to see the
rest of him.



I think we need to
have a word with
this *Thamli*.

You sure about this?
An angry Empress
doesn't sound like the
kind of person that's
going to give us a *warm*
welcome - if you'll
excuse the expression.



I think you were
right about that
warm welcome.

Yeah... more
like a *frosty*
reception.

The Doctor and Martha are led inside...

How can everything be melting when it's so cold?

It might be cold for us - but for the Isqarites, it looks like **global warming** has arrived.

All hail Thamli! All hail Thamli!

All hail? Don't know about that - I'm sure I felt a bit of **sleet** as we were landing.

Your Empressness...

Silence! From where do you come, you strange little creatures? Are you emissaries of the **Great Asharoth**?

Cheek!

Sshhh! No, your **immensity**, we're travellers, come to witness the marvellousness of Isqar.

I sense humour in your words, **little pink man**. Do you mock the death of our world? Paltoq - where did you find these **tiny things**?

They were near **the Mouth of Asharoth**, Empress. I thought that perhaps they were his messengers or his **slaves**.

Slaves? What century are you lot living in?

Martha...

Do we **look** like slaves?

You **sound** like slaves... **escaped, traitorous slaves!**

But your Highness...

Your return to **Asharoth** will appease him. He will return us to the **Ice Time**. And you, **Paltoq**, will accompany them, to convey our apologies to **the Great One of the Sky**.



Using us as *heartburn tablets* for old Asharoth isn't going to save your world, your Royal Blueness. And Paltoq has nothing to do with...

You speak gibberish, little worm. Asharoth will see our *sacrifice* and restore cold to the world. Paltoq has made his choice by siding with you.

Um... *whose* sacrifice? Hardly *yours*, is it?

Take them! They condemn themselves with their own words.

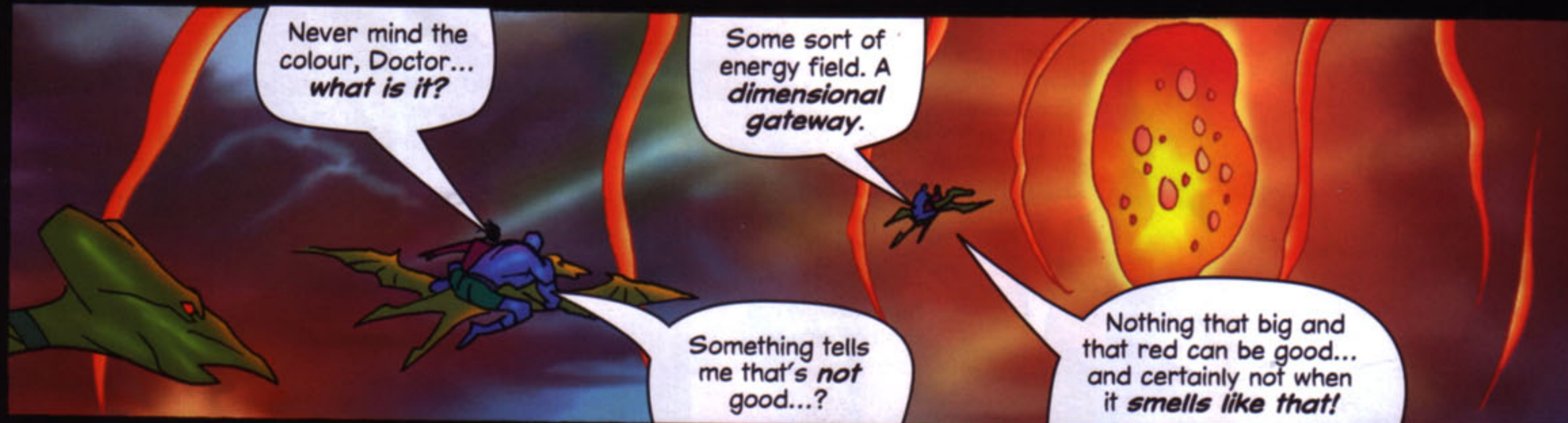


There cannot be a finer purpose to *death* than to bring *life* to Isqaron.

Oh, give me a minute - I'm sure I can think of a few.



Red... never a good sign. *Yellow* would be nice. Or *mauve*. I like mauve.



Never mind the colour, Doctor... *what is it?*

Some sort of energy field. A *dimensional gateway*.

Something tells me that's *not* good...?

Nothing that big and that red can be good... and certainly not when it *smells like that!*



Phew! It's like the worst smoggy day in London, *ever!*

Never mind our being antacid tablets for poor old Asharoth - I think one of us should have a go at being a *breath-freshener*.



Asharoth will thank us for your sacrifice, *little thing*.

OK, already! *Enough with the "little"!* I could get quite a complex, you know...

